

JULY

No. 24

10¢

SMASH COMICS



STARRING BOZO THE ROBOT



THE RAY



MIDNIGHT



ESPIONAGE



THE JESTER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BOYS! ENTER NOW! CONTEST ENDS JULY 25th! START SHOOTIN' TO

WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO



Shoot a
GOLDEN
BANDED
1000
SHOT

Enter *Daisy's* BIG
ROOTIN' TOOTIN'
SHOOTIN'
CONTEST

Licensed
by
Sears
Roebuck
Company
New York

Saddle
CARBINE
OR ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISYS

Pump Repeater, 25-shot, \$450
Fore-and-Aft Magazine

Other Daisies not illustrated: Buck-John Special, 20-shot outdoor model, \$1.50
Nickel-plated shot repeater, \$1.00—Single Shots at \$1 and \$0.50

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST
FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

CONTEST RULES

- (1) Each contestant must shoot on carbine 1000 SHOTS. (2) A 1000 shot target is provided. (3) The 1000 shot target is provided in space provided on Official Target.
- (4) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25, ALL Targets 25-shot.
- (5) Daisies must be used in every shot.
- (6) Contests may be held in any place, indoor or outdoor, 100 yards, at least of carbine, 50 yds. at least of shot.
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1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Ranch!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods. Then cowboy life on the Range—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Red Hatterman action DRA W his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!—What a contest!! Enter!

5 THIRD PRIZES

Win one of these beautiful, amazing new REC-OR-1115—the "WONDER MACHINES" of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio program! Complete with "piano" & blank recording disc. VALUE each—\$39.95

100 FOURTH PRIZES

Win one of these 101 DARTS—Original Air Pistol Darts with 100 Targeting—100 each—\$200.00. Also 100 1/2" darts each.

100 FIFTH PRIZES

Win a pair of air rifle wall targets, wonder-ride of Red Ryder's famous horse \$100.00. VALUE each.

FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR OF RAMBLING CARPENTERS' GUN!

RED RYDER'S CARBINE

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

DUTY ADDED IN CANADA

—get one NOW—at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If dealer is sold out, write Red Ryder, Dept. 100, P.O. Box 100, Buffalo, N.Y. 14201. (We'll send you one free of charge.)

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET—ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS

or Write Us!

get contains all Rules, Instructions, and

also two more! See us at the 1941 National Rifle Association Show, Booth #100, Buffalo, N.Y. 14201. (We'll send you one free of charge.)

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 497 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

SMASH COMICS, July, 1941, No. 24. Published monthly by F. M. Arnold, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered the second class matter June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. E. S. Murthy, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1941 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U. S. A.

The

RAY

734

S. Lectron

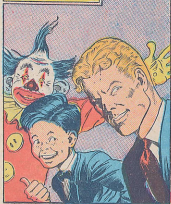
WHO KILLED THE GREAT IVAN, MASTER OF TRAPEZE ART AT FARNUM'S CIRCUS... OR WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

THE **RAY** HAPPY TERRILL, REPORTER IN CIVIL LIFE, TAKES HIS PAL BUD TO THE CIRCUS, WHERE AN AMAZING SERIES OF EVENTS CONSPIRE TO MAKE HIM THE BIGGEST SHOW OF ALL.

GEE, HAPPY, THE CIRCUS IS WONDERFUL, AIN'T IT?

SURE IS, BUD.

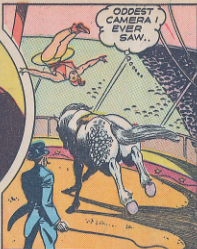
BUD IS GETTING A BIG KICK OUT OF THE COLORFUL SHOW, BUT HAPPY'S INTEREST IS FOCUSED ON SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE.



TERRILL WATCHES A MAN
TINKERING WITH AN AWK-
WARD CAMERA. . .



ODDEST
CAMERA I
EVER
SAW..

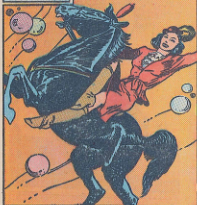


SUDDENLY THE SPECTA-
TORS STIR EAGERLY AS
THE RING-MASTER
ANNOUNCES THE
NEXT ACT..

LADDEEZ AN' GENTLEMEN,
I PRESENT TO YOU THE
GREATEST EQUESTRIENNE
OF ALL TIME... VERA
AND HER WONDER
HORSE, ROSEEN!



WITH THE BAND'S BLARING NOTES,
THE HORSE PRANCES AROUND
THE RING..



HAPPY SEEMS UNDULY
INTERESTED IN THE
PRETTY HORSEWOMAN.



HER HORSE I'M
INTERESTED
IN... LISTEN
HOW IT TAPS
TO THE
MUSIC!



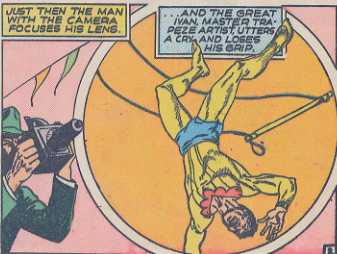
JUST THEN THE MAN
WITH THE CAMERA
FOCUSES HIS LENS.



IN FACT, THOSE
HOOF BEATS
SOUND ALMOST
LIKE THE
HORSE
CODE!

YEAH,
HAPPY!
VA THINK
SO??

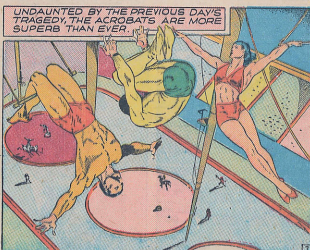
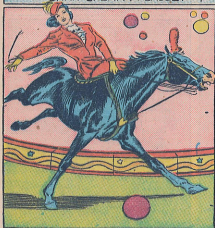
...AND THE GREAT
IVAN, MASTER TRA-
PEZE ARTIST, UTTERS
A CRI AND LOSES
HIS GRIP.



PAIDEMONIUM RULES THE BIG TOP AS IVAN PLUNGES TO THE SAWDUST.. DEAD.



AGAIN VERA AND HER WONDER HORSE DRAW GREAT APPLAUSE.



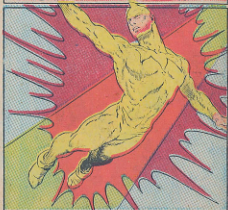
SUDDENLY FROM THE BLEACHERS A MAN FOCUSES A CAMERA.



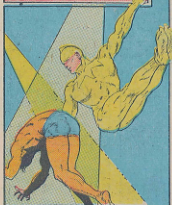
AND WITH A WILD SHRIEK ANOTHER AERIALIST PLUMMETS PAST THE SAFETY NET.



BUT BEFORE HE STRIKES GROUND, A BRIGHT YELLOW FIGURE ZOOMS UP FROM THE AUDIENCE TO SAVE THE ACROBAT FROM DOOM... THE RAY...



GRABBING A TRAPEZE, THE RAY SWINGS THE LIMP FORM TO SAFETY.



THE CROWD ROARS... THEY THINK THIS IS PART OF THE ACT.



BAH? PIETRO, WE'VE FAILED AGAIN! QUICK! GET OUT OF HERE!



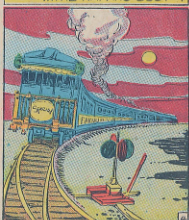
FELLA, YOU'RE GREAT! HOW'D YA LIKE TO JOIN THE SHOW?



ME TOO, MISTER, HUH? KIN I GO TO FEED THE ELEPHANTS?



THAT NIGHT THE CIRCUS LEAVES TOWN WITH TWO NEW MEMBERS... THE RAY AND BUD.



AS THE TRAIN ROARS THROUGH DARKNESS, THE RAY VISITS THE MAN HE SAVED.



I'M NOT AN ACROBAT, BUT AN F.B.I. AGENT... I JOINED THE CIRCUS ON A HUNCH THAT VERA IS A SPY WHO CAN LEAD ME TO THE REST OF HER ESPIONAGE MOB!



HMM... YES... HER HORSE'S HOOF BEAT A CODED MESSAGE TO THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA... HE FOCUSED A PARALYZING RAY ON YOU THAT MADE YOU FALL. EVIDENTLY THEY MEANT TO GET YOU YESTERDAY BUT IVAN GOT IN THE WAY?

VERA KNOWS WHO YOU ARE, IT'LL BE HARD TO CATCH HER!



SUDDENLY THE TRAIN JERKS TO A STOP...



THE RAY LEAPS OUTSIDE...



THE HORSE GALLOPS TO THE ROAD, AND...



DISMOUNTING, THE YOUNG EQUESTRIENNE STEPS INTO THE CAR.



THE DRIVER LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.



SUDDENLY THE HEADLIGHTS GLARE AGAIN, WITH THE RAY RIGHT IN THEIR PATH.

PIETRO!
RUN HIM
DOWN! HE'S
THE RAY!

THE CAR BEARS DOWN UPON HIM, BUT THE RAY STEPS NIMBLY OUT OF THE WAY AND ONTO THE RUNNING BOARD.

ANY
ROOM
INSIDE?

LIE DOWN!
TAKE A
REST!

WELL, THERE
WILL BE WHEN
I DRAG YOU
OUT OF
HERE!

VERA TRIES TO FLEE.

OH NO, YOUNG LADY!
YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT
HERE TO TELL YOUR
UNCLE RAY
EVERYTHING!

ER..UM.. WE WERE ON THE
WAY TO AN ESPIONAGE
MEETING.. ALL THE AGENTS
IN THE COUNTRY WILL
BE THERE.

FINE?
WE'LL KEEP
THAT DATE..
YOU AND
I..

MY, HE'S HANDSOME!
TOO BAD HE'S NOT
ON OUR SIDE..
I COULD.. ER..
LIKE HIM
A LOT!

MMM...
PRETTY..
HOWD
SHE GET
IN THIS?

MEANWHILE, BUD LEAVES
THE TRAIN TO SEARCH
FOR THE RAY.

THAT GUY'S HARDER
TO FIND THAN
A FLEA'S
TONGUE!



A HALF HOUR'S DRIVE BRINGS THE RAY AND VERA TO AN OLD MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMBOAT, DOCKED AT A DESERTED WHARF.



WE'RE MEETING HERE!

WALKING UP THE GANGPLANK THEY MEET A STEVEDORE.



PSST...MIKE! INTERFERENCE! GET RID OF HIM!

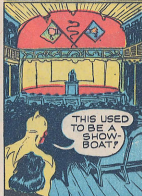
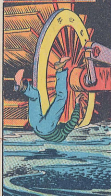
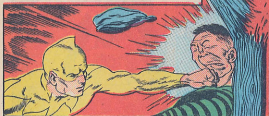


YAH! SURE! TICKLED PINK TO DO THIS GUY IN!

BUT THE RAY IS NOT CAUGHT SO EASILY.

SUBDUING HIS ASSAILANTS, HE TOSSES THEM OVERBOARD.

WITH VERA AN UNWILLING COMPANION, THE RAY ENTERS THE MAIN BANQUET ROOM.



THIS USED TO BE A SHOW-BOAT!

THE SPEAKER SCREAMS HIS WILD MESSAGE TO THE AUDIENCE.



THIS GOVERNMENT MUST FALL! DOWN WITH...

SUDDENLY VERA BREAKS LOOSE FROM THE RAY'S GRASP.



STOP! THERE'S A SPY IN OUR MIDST! THE RAY!!

IMMEDIATELY HE IS TARGET FOR ANGRY GUNS, BUT.



I'M DOING THE SHOOTING HERE...MY OWN WAY!

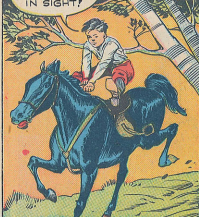
MEANWHILE BUD HAS FOUND
VERA'S HORSE AND IS SKIRTING
THE RIVER BANK.



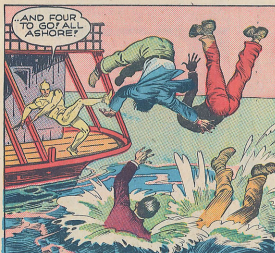
SUDDENLY HE SPOTS THE
BRIGHT FLASH OF THE
RAY'S BODY ON DECK...



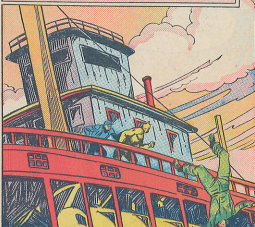
GIDDAP, BOY!
I GOTTA
KEEP THEM
IN SIGHT!



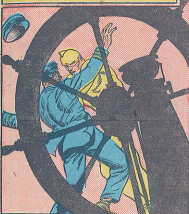
BACK ON THE SHIP THE RAY
BATTLES AGAINST GREAT
NUMBERS.



THEN THE RAY BATTLES HIS WAY TO THE
BRIDGE AND PILOT HOUSE.



THE PILOT, TRYING TO DEFEND HIMSELF, LOSES CONTROL OF HIS WHEEL.



AND THE SHIP RUNS ON THE SHOALS WITH A SHIVERING CRASH.



THE SUDDEN IMPACT SENDS VERA HURLING INTO THE RIVER.



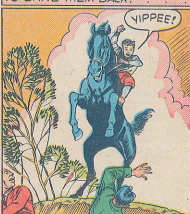
THE RAY LEAVES HIS FIGHT TO DIVE TO VERA'S RESCUE.



SEIZING THE RAY'S ABSENCE TO ESCAPE, THE SPIES FLEE LIKE RATS FROM A SINKING SHIP.



BUT BUD IS WAITING ON SHORE TO DRIVE THEM BACK.



THE RAY RETURNS, CARRYING THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL.



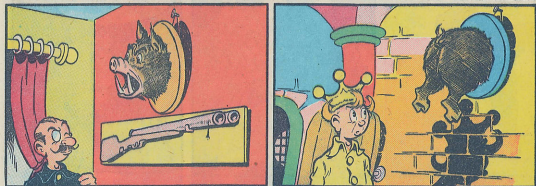
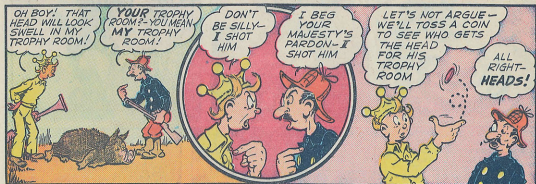
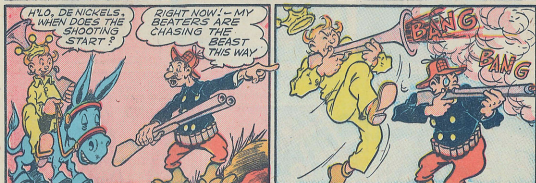
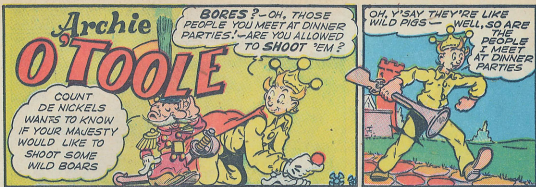
HE QUICKLY SUBDUES THE OTHER HALF-DROWNED AGENTS AND TIES THEM TO TREES.



HELLO, F.B.I.? I'VE A PARCEL OF SPIES DOWN HERE... BUT DO ME A FAVOR FIRST... WILL YOU? GIVE THE SCOOP TO HAPPY TERRILL OF 'THE STAR' NEWS STAFF.. HE'S ER... A FRIEND OF MINE!



Follow The Ray, America's outstanding comic, in the August issue of SMASH COMICS.



Enjoy Archie O'Toole each and every month in SMASH COMICS.

MIDNIGHT

PRESENTING:
The CIRCUS MYSTERY

STARRING **MIDNIGHT** AND HIS
TWO ODD ASSISTANTS, **GABBY**
THE TALKING MONKEY AND **OLD**
DOC WACKEY THE INVENTOR.
TOGETHER THEY MATCH WITS
WITH AN UNKNOWN RACKET, BUT
IT IS NO MATCH FOR THEIR METHODS.

SCENE: DOC WACKEY'S
SECRET LABORATORY
IN BIG CITY...

"I'M TAKING MISS
TAYLOR TO THE CIRCUS
TONIGHT BOYS! A
GANG OF PICKPOCKETS
HAS BEEN FOLLOWING
IT FROM TOWN TO TOWN,
TAKING THOUSANDS FROM
UNWARY SPECTATORS.
IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY
WERE BROUGHT TO A
HALT, AND I THINK
I CAN DO IT!"

"TUM A
TICKLE
DUM!"

"YEAH?"

"ON BOY!
CAN I GO,
TOO??"

"SORRY, PAL!
IF PEOPLE SAW
YOU WITH ME THEY'D
KNOW THAT I DAVE
CLARK AND MIDNIGHT
WERE ONE AND
THE SAME!!"

"AW, I NEVER
HAVE ANY
FUN!!"

"WHAT'S TO
STOP US FROM
GOING DOWN
THERE AND
CONDUCTING OUR
OWN PRIVATE
INVESTIGATION?"

"DO YA
MEAN
IT, DOC?"

"CERTAINLY! THIS
IS JUST THE CHANCE
I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR TO TEST MY
NEW **MIND-
READING SET!**"

POOF

by Jack Cole

I'LL PUT A STICK ON THIS MACHINE. THEN YOU HOP INTO YOUR UNIFORM AND WE'LL GO AS ORGAN-GRINDER AND MONK!

MESBEE WE CAN PICK UP A FEW JITS!



LATER, AT THE CIRCUS:

ISN'T THIS THRILLING, DAVE? I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE SINCE I WAS IN PIGTAILS!!

HERE COMES ALONZO SCHUNK! THE WORLD'S GREATEST ANIMAL TRAINER!



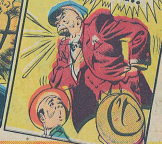
WHEW! HE'S EITHER VERY BRAVE OR PLAIN NUTS!

THAT'S A HECK OF A WAY TO FIND OUT IF A LION HAS HALITOSIS!!



SUDDENLY A SPECTATOR JUMPS UP:

HELP! I'VE BEEN ROBBED! MY WALLET'S GONE!!



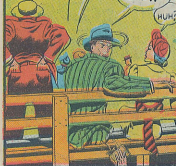
UNCONSCIOUSLY OTHERS REACH FOR THEIR HIP POCKETS:

WHAT TH!! SO'S NINE!!

AND! MINE! MINE TOO!

OH! GOT A NIBBLE ON MY OWN LINE!!

HUH?



WAIT HERE, ALICE, I'M GOING TO GET THE MUG WHO BIT ON THIS WALLET I TIED TO ME!!

GOOD HEAVENS!!



MONKEYS! BUT HOW DID THEY LEARN TO..... ???

THIS IS A CASE FOR MIDNIGHT! BETTER TURN MY REVERSIBLE SUIT TO THE BLACK SIDE!



MEANWHILE, DOC WACKY AND GABBY ARE IN THE MENAGERIE:

NO LUCK SO FAR! EVERYONE WE'VE USED THE MIND-READER ON IS ABOVE SUSPICION!

LET'S GO OVER TO THE MONKEY CAGE. I WANT TO TALK WITH MY RELATIVES



THAT'S OOD, IT'S EMPTY!!

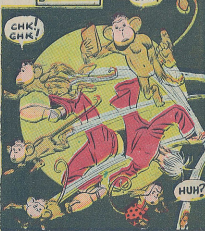
WONDER WHERE THEY ARE?



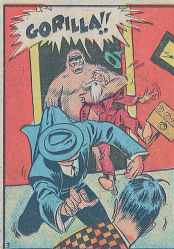
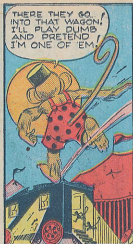
SUDDENLY:

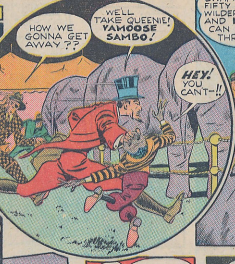
EEK!

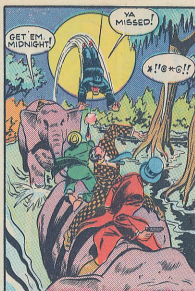
CHK! CHK!



HUH?







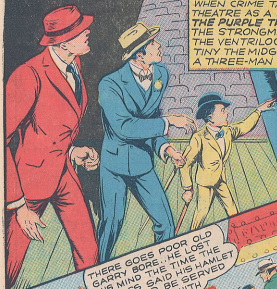
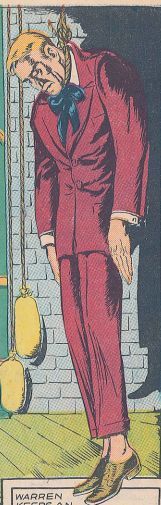
AS QUEENIE NEARS THE CIRCUS:



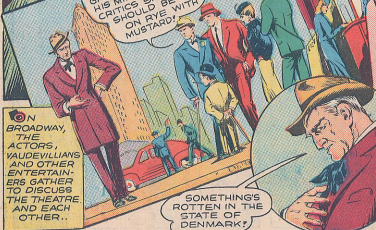
The PURPLE TRIO

by S.M. REGI

WHEN CRIME TAKES THE THEATRE AS A REFUGE, THE PURPLE TRIO, ROCKY THE STRONGMAN, WARREN THE VENTRILOQUIST AND TINY THE MIDGET, BECOME A THREE-MAN CRUSADE...



THERE GOES POOR OLD GARRY BORE... HE LOST HIS MIND THE TIME THE CRITICS SAID HIS HAMLET SHOULD BE SERVED ON RYE WITH MUSTARD!



ON BROADWAY, THE ACTORS, VAUDEVILLIANS AND OTHER ENTERTAINERS GATHER TO DISCUSS THE THEATRE AND EACH OTHER...

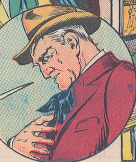
SOMETHING'S ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK!

WARREN KEEPS AN EYE ON THE MUTTERING OLD ACTOR.

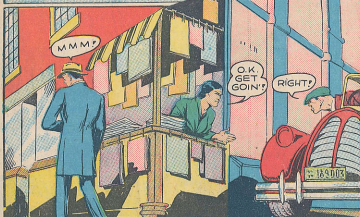
PAPER, MISTER?

GET THEE TO A NUNNERY, GO!

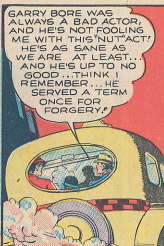
HMD!



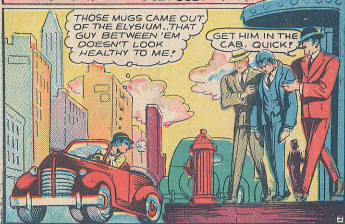
WARREN WALKS BY THE NEWSTAND AND OVERHEARS.



THE CAB ROARS OFF.



FIVE MINUTES LATER, TINY WHIZZES AROUND IN HIS BRIGHT, NEW MIDGET JOB.

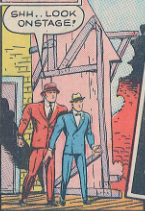


TINY FOLLOWS THE CAB TO THE WATERFRONT.



HOLY CATS! HE'S NOT EVEN SICK... HE'S DEAD!

MEANWHILE WARREN AND ROCKY HAVE SLIPPED IN, BACKSTAGE.



SHH... LOOK ONSTAGE!

TO BE OR NOT TO BE... THAT IS THE QUESTION!



TO BE WHAT? DON'T MOCK ME, LOW SWINE! I MUST RE-HEARSE! I ALWAYS GET NERVOUS BEFORE I PULL A JOB...



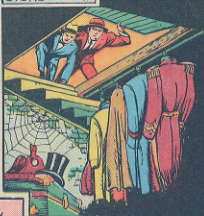
WHAT ARE YOU SHAKY ABOUT? IT'S ME THAT HAS TO DO THE DIRTY WORK... HEY! WHEN ARE THE BOYS COMIN' BACK? THE NEXT SUCKER'S WAITIN' DOWNSTAIRS!



WHOEVER THAT SUCKER IS, WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

LOOK!

WARREN AND ROCKY PEEK INTO THE MUSTY SHADOWS OF A COSTUME STOREROOM...



WARREN TURNS TO FACE A BOUND FIGURE HANGING IN AN ANCIENT UNIFORM.



OOH! HELP!

ER... PARDON ME, I SLIPPED... HUH? HEY! THIS COSTUME'S STUFFED!

HUH?



THANK HEAVEN YOU CAME! I WAS TO BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF THEIR DIABOLICAL SCHEME... GARRY BORE SENT OUT A CALL FOR MALE ACTORS... MEN OF MY AGE.



AS HE BENDS DOWN TO INVESTIGATE...



TINY TELLS HIS STORY...

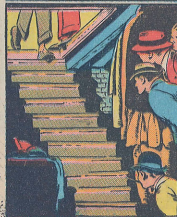


I FOLLOWED 'EM BACK... THEY'RE ON-STAGE NOW!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR NOW? COME ON!



JUST THEN, THE CROOKS DESCEND TO LEAD THEIR NEXT VICTIM TO THE KILL.

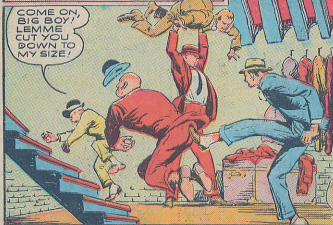


COME RIGHT ON DOWN, BOYS... THE FUN'S ON THE HOUSE!

I'LL MURDER THE GORILLA!



THE TRIO GIVES THE CROOKS A SWIFT WORKOUT.



AFTER A FEW SIGHS AND GROANS, BOTH THUGS GO OUT LIKE LIGHTS.



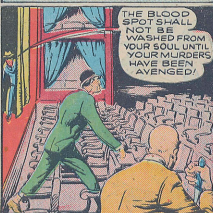
ONSTAGE, GARRY BORE IS STILL RANTING.



HE RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.



THE VOICE OF THE VENTRILOQUIST SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE BACK OF THE THEATRE.



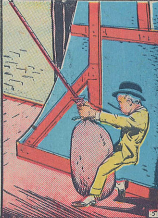
AS THE STARTLED MEN TURN THEIR BACKS ON THE STAGE, ROCKY LEAPS.

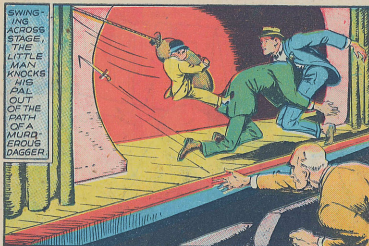


WARREN DIVES AT GARRY BORE, KNOCKING THE WIND OUT OF HIM.



WHILE TINY PREPARES HIS TARZAN ACT.





SWING-
ING
ACROSS
STAGE,
THE
LITTLE
MAN
KNOCKS
HIS
PAL
OUT
OF
THE
PATH
OF
A
MURD-
EROUS
DAGGER.



JUST STAY HERE
FOR THE REST
OF THE SHOW.



MR. GARRY BORE, MAY
I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH...
ON A POLICE BLOTTER?

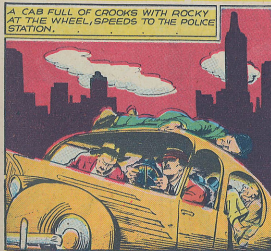


ROCKY HANGS A VICTIM ON
A PROP TREE.



FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE NEWS
WOMAN IS STARTLED BY A
SURPRISING SIGHT.

WHAT?



A CAB FULL OF CROOKS WITH ROCKY
AT THE WHEEL, SPEEDS TO THE POLICE
STATION.



HELLO,
SISTER...
CAN I GIVE
YOU A LIFT
TO THE JUG?

GET IN,
MAGGIE...
WE'RE HOLD-
ING YOU AS
AN ACCOMPLICE
COME
ALONG!

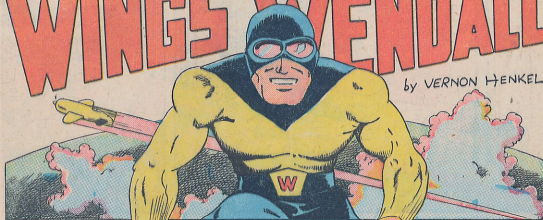


BOY! THAT
REWARD MONEY
FEELS GOOD IN
MY POCKET!

YEAH?
WELL, FORK
IT OVER?
WHEN DO
WE EAT?

WINGS WENDALL

by VERNON HENKEL



ARMY HEADQUARTERS
ARE THROWN INTO
UTTER CONFUSION.

MAJOR! LOOK AT
THIS... AN ALIEN
AIR BASE RIGHT
UNDER OUR NOSES!!



WE GOT THIS
PICTURE ON THE
INFRA-RED CAMERA AT
35,000 FEET!

SAY!
THIS IS FOR
THE
INTELLIGENCE
DEPARTMENT!



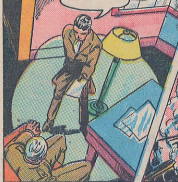
WINGS! I'VE
HAD TROOPS
SCOUR
THAT REGION
WITHOUT
FINDING A TRACE
OF THE AIRBASE
-YET IT'S ON THIS
PHOTOGRAPH!



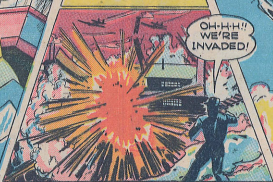
THIS IS AN INFRA-
RED PHOTO, A NEW
TYPE OF LIGHT
RAY INVISIBLE TO
HUMAN EYES!



THAT EXPLAINS WHY
YOU COULDN'T LOCATE
IT BY HUMAN
SIGHT... IT DOESN'T
EXIST!!



THE EARTH SHAKES
AS AN EAR-SPLITTING
EXPLOSION ROCKS THE
GREAT ALLIED ARMS
PLANT.



SECONDS LATER FAST INTERCEPTOR
FIGHTERS KNIFE SKYWARD TO
ENGAGE ALIEN BOMBERS.



OH-H-H!!
WE'RE
INVADED!

AND
BACK
AT
INTELLIGENCE
HEAD-
QUARTERS

YOU MUST BE
CRAZY! HOW COULD
A WHOLE SQUADRON
OF BOMBERS
DISAPPEAR
COMPLETELY?



T- THEY
VANISHED!
EVERY SINGLE
SHIP- BEFORE
WE COULD GET
TO THEM!



MAJOR, I CAN SEE
THAT THIS MENACE
IS THE DEADLIEST
THREAT TO EVER
STRIKE OUR
COUNTRY!



IT'S A JOB
FOR THE ONLY
WEAPON WE CAN
FIGHT IT WITH...
-THE BULLET-PLANE!



SPINNER BENSON, WINGS'
HAPPY MECHANIC,
STRAINS AT A
SENSITIVE LISTENING DEVICE.



NO LUCK!
THIS TIN EAR
IS AS SILENT
AS...

WAIT!
I HEAR 'EM...
DOZENS OF MOTORS!
-HULLO, WINGS...



MILES ABOVE,
WINGS WENDALL
HEARS THE URGENT
CALL...



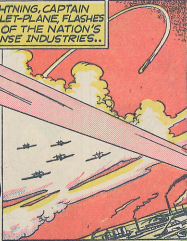
O.K.,
SPINNER!
BOMBERS OVER
INDUSTRIAL AREA,
I'LL BE THERE IN
NOTHING FLAT!



LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, CAPTAIN
WENDALL, IN HIS BULLET-PLANE, FLASHES
TO SAVE THE HEART OF THE NATION'S
DEFENSE INDUSTRIES...



THERE
THEY
ARE!



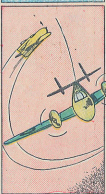
ORANGE FLAMES LICK THE
SKY AS DESTROYED PLANES
HURTLE EARTHWARD,



THEY CAN
BE TAKEN!!



DIVING SO CLOSE THAT WINGS ALMOST LOCK, WENDALL FORCES THE LAST PLANE DOWN.



THE BOMBER CRASHES IN A WHEAT FIELD.

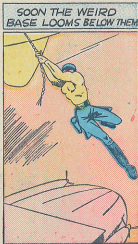
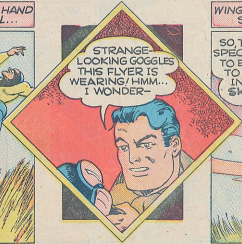
NOW TO CAPTURE THAT PILOT!

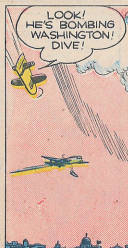
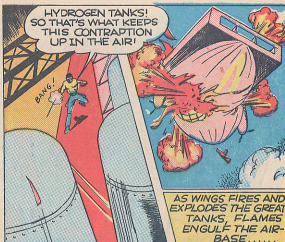


THE GROUND AIRMAN'S HAND LEAPS TO HIS PISTOL...

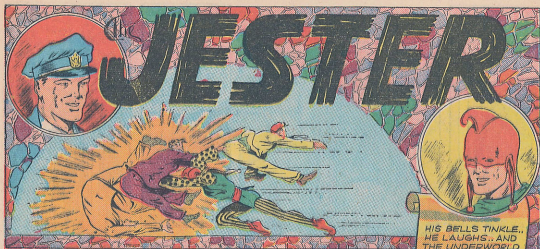


WINGS DONS THE ENEMY PILOT'S STRANGE FLYING TOGS...









HIS BELLS TINKLE..
HE LAUGHS.. AND
THE UNDERWORLD
TREMBLES



FRISCO FINLEY, ALIAS
SLIPPERY SAM, FINGERS
FINN, PETTY LARCENY..
PICKPOCKET... AND
FORGERY! 16
ARRESTS, 11
CONVICTIONS..
STEP DOWN!



MOVE
ALONG BEFORE
I BUTTON YOUR
LIP WITH THE
BACK OF ME
HAND!
GET YOUR
PAWS OFF
ME
COPPER!



LAY OFF HIM,
O'TOOLE.. HE'S
FROM OUT OF
TOWN AND
DOESN'T KNOW
HE CAN'T PUSH
US NEW YORK
COPS' AROUND!



INSPECTOR MULLIGAN,
CHUCK LANE, THE
ROOKIE IS WAITING
TO SEE YOU!

O-O-O-O!



OF ALL THE COPS
IN NEW YORK, I
HAD TO BE THE
ONE TO TEACH
THAT THICKHEAD
THE ROPES.. I
WOULDN'T EVEN
WISH THAT JOB
ON MY MOTHER-
IN-LAW!



WELL-
WELL-
WELL!
IF IT ISN'T
AMBITION
PLUS!

AN' THE TOP
OF THE
MORNING TO
YOU, MULLIGAN!



GET OUTTA
ME CHAIR..
AND LET'S BE
GETTING THIS OVER
WITH! WAIT A MINUTE..
THE PHONE'S
RINGING!



THIS IS NICK PERSELE..
YOU HAVE A NEW-
COMER IN THIS TOWN,
FRISCO FINLEY FROM
THE WEST COAST..
LAY OFF HIM..
UNDERSTAND?

WHY YOU,

HE HUNG UP

SO FRISCO FINLEY DOESN'T KNOW A SOUL IN THIS TOWN, EH? 'COMON LANE, YOU'LL GET SOME PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN FINLEY'S CELL

WELL, FRISCO, I SEE YOU HAVE A MOUTH-PIECE ALREADY!



NICK PERSELLE SENT ME YEAH! OVER TO TAKE CARE OF HIM! HE LOOKS AFTER STRANGERS.. I'VE POSTED A SPECIAL BAIL BOND...S'LONG, MULLIGAN!



THE LAWYER SPEAKS.

WELL, I'LL BE!

PERSELLE SURE WORKS FAST!



TOO FAST IN FACT! PERSELLE DOESN'T GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO HELP ANYONE UNLESS IT MEANS SOMETHING TO HIM! MAYBE I'M TOO CURIOUS FOR MY OWN GOOD, BUT..



HEY, LANE.. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT FOR A WALK, SEE YOU LATER!



BUT CHUCK LANE DIDN'T GO OUT FOR JUST A WALK.. A SHORT TIME LATER OUTSIDE NICK PERSELLE'S HANG-OUT, HE BECOMES THAT ELUSIVE MENACE TO THE UNDERWORLD, THE JESTER!



I WONDER IF MULLIGAN WILL EVER GET WISE AS TO HOW THE JESTER GETS ALL HIS TIPS?



AH.. CURTAIN'S UP FAR ENOUGH TO SEE IN! PERSELLE SEEMS TO BE HAVING A CONFERENCE WITH A COUPLE OF HIS BOYS!



GET MULLIGAN'S ROD? YEAH!

I SLIPPED INTO HIS OFFICE AN' LIFTED IT WHEN HE WENT BACK TO SEE FRISCO!



GOOD! GET UP AT THE FAR END OF THE BACK ALLEY.. I'LL SEND FRISCO OUT THAT WAY AS SOON AS I GET THROUGH WITH HIM

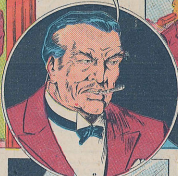


WELL.. THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING! HERE COMES FRISCO IN!

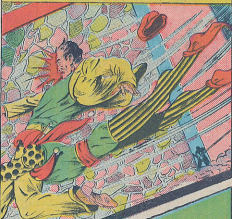




THE REASON I SPRANG YOU IS TO GET RID OF A COPPER NAMED MULLIGAN. HE'S TOO SMART, AN' I WANT HIM OUT OF THE WAY!



AS FRISCO FINLEY STEPS OUT OF THE BACK DOOR, THE JESTER STRIKES.. SENDING HIM SPRAWLING INTO THE DARKNESS. AT THE SAME TIME, THE BLAST OF AN AUTOMATIC RINGS OUT FROM THE FAR END OF THE ALLEY, AND BULLETS SPATTER ABOUT THE TWO...





THERE'S FRISCO!

YOU GOT HIM ALL RIGHT!



AN' HERE'S MULLIGAN'S GUN, NEXT TO HIM! WITH THAT STATEMENT THE BOSS GOT OUT OF HIM, MULLIGAN WON'T BE A COP LONG!



PRETTY CLEVER.. WITH FRISCO OUT OF TH' WAY, MULLIGAN WON'T HAVE A LEG TO STAND ON GULP.. L-LISTEN! BELLS!



HA-HA-HA! HI YA, BOYS!



TH' JESTER!



SO YOU BOYS ARE GOING TO GET MULLIGAN INTO A MESS, EH?



MEANWHILE, INSIDE..

AS PERSELLE OPENS THE DOOR



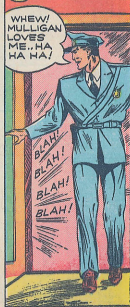
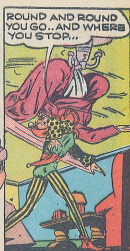
WHAT'S ALL TH' RUMPUS ABOUT OUTSIDE? I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK!



GREETINGS, GREASEBALL!



GO!// DELIVERY TRUCKS RUNNIN' UP TH' ALLEY! DON'T THEY KNOW WHEN TO STOP?!!

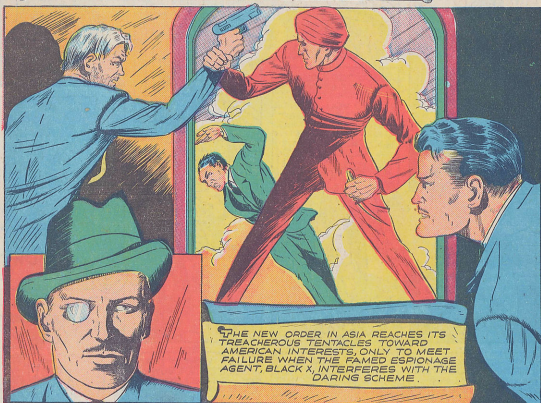


ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X



By
WM.
ERWIN



THE NEW ORDER IN ASIA REACHES ITS TREACHEROUS TENTACLES TOWARD AMERICAN INTERESTS, ONLY TO MEET FAILURE WHEN THE FAMED ESPIONAGE AGENT, BLACK X, INTERFERES WITH THE DARING SCHEME.

BLACK X IS IN WASHINGTON AT HIS FAVORITE AFTER-THREATRE RESTAURANT.

HIS COMPANION IS A HIGH-RANKING STATE OFFICIAL.

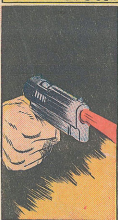
JUST THEN THEIR TALK IS INTERRUPTED BY BATU, BLACK X'S VALET.

I'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE TO SMASH OPEN THE CRUDE RUBBER TROUBLE!

AN ASIATIC POWER IS TRYING TO CONTROL THE RUBBER INDUSTRY IN OCEANIA... NOW, MY SECRET INFORMATION..

HELLO, BATU! HAVE A SEAT! ER... WHAT'S WRONG?

BUT BATU REMAINS SILENT... SUDDENLY A SHOT BARKS OUT.



AND THE VALET SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR...

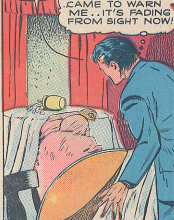


HIS ASSAILANT FLEES THROUGH A BACK DOOR...



BATU! BATU!

OH...! GET IT! THIS IS BATU'S PROJECTED IMAGE CAME TO WARN ME...IT'S FADING FROM SIGHT NOW!



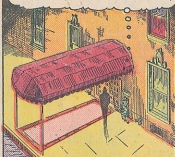
I'VE GOT TO GO! SEE YOU LATER...

BUT...HEY! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?!



DASHING DOWN THE WIDE WASHINGTON STREETS BLACK X REACHES HIS HOTEL...

BATU MUST KNOW SOMETHING IMPORTANT! HE DOESN'T OFTEN SEND HIS IMAGE TO FETCH ME!



UPSTAIRS...THE VALET AWAITS...

WHAT'S WRONG, BATU?

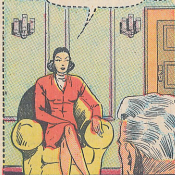
I WORRY THAT YOU NOT GET HERE!



I THINK SOMEBODY TRY TO KILL YOU! LOOK, HERE IS A DICTAPHONE RECORD I MADE HERE AN HOUR AGO... MADAME DOOM WAS IN NEXT ROOM WITH MAN...THEY TALK!



WELL, HE'S NOT HERE NOW, DURHAM...WE'VE GOT TO KILL HIM SOON! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH AND HE'S TESTIFYING ABOUT THE RUBBER CASE TOMORROW!



BLACK X LISTENS TO THE RECORDING.

DON'T WORRY, MADAME DOOM...IF HE'S NOT SHOT TONIGHT, WE'LL LEAVE BY PLANE FOR SUMATRA...WE'LL HIDE OUT AT MY RUBBER PLANTATION!



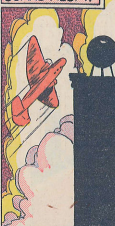
THAT NIGHT, A BEARDED MAN AND HIS HINDU VALET BOARD THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL PLANE FOR FRISCO.

THAT WAS ALEX DURHAM, THE RUBBER MAGNATE! HE'S SELLING OUT TO THE ASIATICS.



A TRAITOR INDEED!

THE SLEEK SHIP SOARS ALOFT.



AND FOURTEEN HOURS LATER LANDS IN FRISCO, WHERE BLACK X BOARDS THE SUMATRA CLIPPER.



MADAME DOOM'S ABOARD.

THE TRIP IS SMOOTH AND UNEVENTFUL.



SHE HASN'T SEEN THROUGH THIS BEARD YET, BATU!

FRISCO

ROUTE OF CLIPPER SHIP.

POSITION OF CLIPPER SHIP NOW.

UNTIL... NO TROUBLE SO FAR, EH?

NO, DURHAM, NOT YET?



DURHAM'S CIGAR STRAYS TOO CLOSE TO BLACK X'S BEARD.



AND... YOU BURN UP, MASTER!



BLACK X !!

YES, MY DEAR... YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOWN I'D FOLLOW YOU... I COULDN'T LET YOU GET AWAY... YOU'RE MY EVIDENCE!



SUDDENLY ONE OF DURHAM'S HENCHMEN DIVES AT THE ESPIONAGE AGENT.

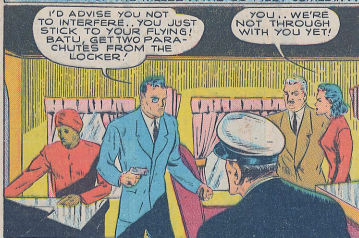


COME, BOYS! DUMP HIM OVERBOARD!

BUT... DON'T EVER START THINGS YOU CAN'T FINISH!



IN THE MIDST OF THE MELEE... THE CO-PILOT COMES IN...



I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO INTERFERE... YOU JUST STICK TO YOUR FLYING! BATU, GET TWO PARACHUTES FROM THE LOCKER.

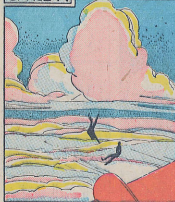
YOU... WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!

OF COURSE NOT, MADAME DOOM... YOU CAN DEPEND UPON MEETING ME AGAIN!

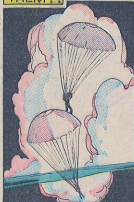


COME, MASTER! WE CAN'T WASTE TIME!

AS THE PLANE SPEEDS OVER SUMATRA, TWO FIGURES HURTLE THROUGH SPACE...



A SECOND LATER BILLOWING CHUTES UNFOLD ABOVE THEM...



WELCOME TO SUMATRA, BATU!

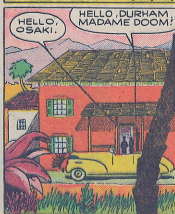


MEANWHILE THE CLIPPER HAS LANDED TOO, AND THE PASSENGERS LEAVE THE FIELD...



NOT BLACK X... NO SUCH LUCK! THEY'VE BOTH DROWNED, MADAME DOOM!

THE CAR BEARING MADAME DOOM AND DURHAM STOPS. BATU AND BLACK X WATCH FROM NEARBY



HELLO, OSAKI.

HELLO, DURHAM, MADAME DOOM!

I WAS GETTING A BIT IMPATIENT. YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE PAPERS, DURHAM?



WHEN YOUR RUBBER INTERESTS ARE UNDER THE CONTROL OF MY GOVERNMENT, YOU WILL GAIN A SHARE IN THE NEW ASIATIC ORDER... IS THAT AGREEABLE?



PERFECTLY.

HERE ARE THE PAPERS. I'LL TRANSFER MY RUBBER TO YOU NOW!



BUT BEFORE OSAKI CAN TAKE THE PAPERS...



WHA?? WHO?? HEY? GIVE THOSE BACK!

NO, MR. DURHAM.. THEY ARE MORE USEFUL AS ASHES!



I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS YOU HEATHEN!

AT THIS MOMENT BLACK X BREAKS IN...



YOU'LL KILL WHO, DURHAM? HOLD HIM, BATU!

.. AND YOUR ASIATIC GOVERNMENT CAN TAKE THIS INSTEAD OF RUBBER?



OOF!

BLACK X DROPS OSAKI WITH A LEFT...

BATU HAS DURHAM WELL UNDER CONTROL.



HINDU ARM-LOCK GOOD, NO?

MADAME DOOM GASPS ALOUD, AND...



I F-FEEL FAINT.. DIZZY. OOH?

BE A GOOD FELLOW, BLACK X? MADAME DOOM'S FAINTED. LET ME HELP HER!



BLACK X AGREES.



THANKS.. I'VE GOT SMELLING SALTS IN MY BAG!

BUT THE SMELLING SALTS ARE UNUSUALLY POTENT.



HA! THIS CHLOROFORM WILL FIX YOU, MY SNOOPING FRIEND!

YOU MAY BE SMART, BLACK X, BUT WE ARE TOO?



BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT MAN CAN TURN.

WHILE BLACK X IS OVERCOME WITH THE FUMES, OSAKI CLUBS BATU INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS

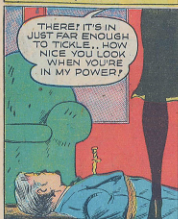


AND MADAME DOOM REVIVES FROM HER WELL-ACTED FAINT.

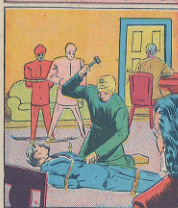


I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS! I'LL PLAY WITH THESE TWO WHILE YOU DRAW UP NEW PAPERS!

MADAME DOOM TAKES A SMALL, SHARP MALAYAN KRIS FROM HER PURSE, AND...



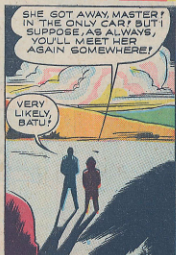
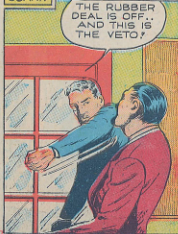
THE EXECUTIONER STARTS HIS EVIL TASK, WHILE OSAKI AND DURHAM DRAW UP NEW PAPERS.



BUT SUDDENLY BATU'S IMAGE LEAPS UPON KALI AND SENDS HIM FLYING UPON DURHAM...



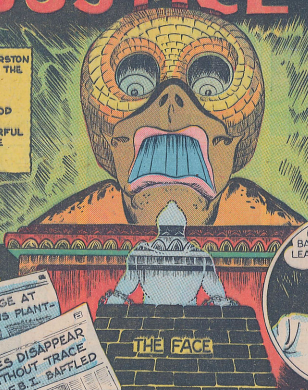
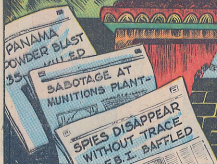
UNTIED, BLACK X GOES FOR OSAKI.



INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ADT GORDON

ONLY KENT THURSTON HAS MASTERED THE POWER OF INVISIBILITY... AND AS THE INVISIBLE HOOD HE TAKES UP ANOTHER FEARFUL TRAIL... TO THE OLD CITY OF TEMPERA -



THEY THINK IT'S A HIDDEN SPY BASE, EH? THINK I'LL LEAVE FOR PANAMA!



PANAMA - A WEEK LATER.



INTO THE TANGLED JUNGLE,
THURSTON TRAILS THE NATIVE...



HIGH ABOVE, IN A TREE TWO
DARK FORMS SEE HIM.....



SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING
THEY LEAP...



SO! THEY DON'T
WANT WHITE
MEN AROUND
THESE
PARTS!



BUT A STUNNING BLOW FELS
THURSTON....



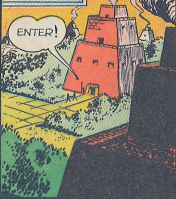
HIS CAPTORS CARRY THE
LIMP FORM INTO THE OPEN...



A STRANGE FANTASTIC CITY LIES
BEFORE THEM - IT IS THE MAYAN CITY
OF TEMPERA...



THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE
CITY THEY WALK, UNTIL THEY
APPROACH THE TEMPLE OF THE
TWIN GODS...



SEATED ON HIS THRONE IS THE TYRANT RULER, CHAC MOOL.....

WE CATCH WHITE MAN ABOUT TO ENTER CITY, GREAT CHAC MOOL!

THROW HIM INTO THE DUNGEON! I MUST SPEAK TO B-7 ABOUT THIS!



B-7, EH? MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!

AS THEY WALK DOWN A DARK CORRIDOR, KENT COMES TO LIFE.....



DONNING HIS CHEMICALLY TREATED HOOD, THURSTON DISAPPEARS INTO INVISIBILITY....

NOW TO FOLLOW THE BIG SHOT... THERE HE GOES!



THROUGH LONG PASSAGES THE INVISIBLE HOOD TRAILS CHAC MOOL....

THIS IS STRANGE - I HEAR FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME, YET SEE NO ONE!



THE TYRANT ENTERS A HIDDEN ROOM....

MEN - IN A FEW DAYS OUR WORK HERE WILL BE DONE!!



BOSS, THIS IDEA OF THE TEMPLE WAS GREAT - WE'RE SAFE HERE, TO CARRY OUT OUR WORK OF SABOTAGE!

RIGHT! BUT WITHOUT CHAC MOOL'S HELP WE COULD NOT HAVE MADE OUR BASE HERE!



HE HAD THE REAL KING THROWN INTO THE DUNGEON AND HE BECAME RULER...

TOMORROW WE LAY OUR PLANS TO BLOW UP THE PANAMA CANAL - WE'LL BE REWARDED HANDSOMELY!

ALL DOES NOT GO WELL - A WHITE WAS CAPTURED TRYING TO ENTER THE CITY!



A WHITE MAN! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM!

DO NOT FEAR! HE AND CHIMA, THE REAL KING, WILL BE SACRIFICED BEFORE THE 'FACE' OF TEZCAPOCA - IN THAT WAY ALL OF US SHALL BE SAFE!



THE REAL KING IS BROUGHT INTO THE ROOM....

WHERE IS THE WHITE CAPTIVE WHO WAS THROWN INTO THE DUNGEON!

ALAS, GREAT CHAC MOOL— HE HAS DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARKNESS!!



FOOLS! FIND HIM OR YOUR LIVES WILL BE TAKEN! GO!

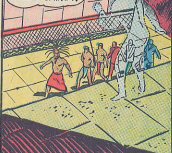
WITH THAT GUY LOOSE HE'LL TIP OFF THE CORPS BOSS!

SHUT UP— BLAST 'IM!



THE CAPTIVE KING IS LED DOWN THE SACRIFICE CORRIDOR....

WITH ALL THOSE GUARDS IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH BUT I'VE GOT TO FREE CHIMA!



THEY STOP AT A STONE SLAB BEFORE THE DREADED "FACE"....



WHEN I DROP MY HAND CHIMA WILL BE DEAD!

WITH UPLIFTED SPEAR, CHIMA'S EXECUTIONER AWAITS THE SIGNAL.



SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM ABOVE....



LUCKY I BROUGHT A GUN ALONG!!

FEAR SPREADS AMONG THE GUARDS...

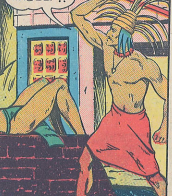


THUNDER! THE "FACE" ROARS ITS ANGER!

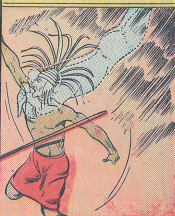
IT IS OUR PUNISHMENT!

?

FOOLS! COME BACK— LOOK! I WILL KILL CHIMA MYSELF!!



WITH A FLYING LEAP THE INVISIBLE HOOD POUNCES ON THE TYRANT...



THE HOOD FREES THE ASTONISHED CHIMA...



AS THE SPY'S MEN TURN TO RUN, THE INVISIBLE HOOD STRIKES...



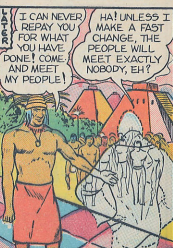
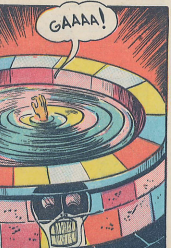
THE ENRAGED LEADER FIRES WILDLY AT THE THIN AIR.....



MEANWHILE THE TYRANT CHAC MOOL RUNS FOR SAFETY.....



WITH A FLYING LEAP THE KING IS ON HIS MORTAL ENEMY....





The SCARLET SEAL

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

AS THE FEARED FOE OF THE LAWLESS, THE SCARLET SEAL DOES WHAT THE POLICE CANNOT DO, HE FIGHTS CRIME WITH ITS OWN WEAPONS BUT, THE SCARLET SEAL IS ALSO LIEUTENANT BARRY MOORE, OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

JOHN CULVER, SPECIAL AGENT, IS FIGHTING THE PROTECTION RACKET....

WILSON'S **ALREADY** AGREED TO TESTIFY AGAINST **KUBER**.. WONDER WHY HE WANTS TO SEE ME **HERE!**



DERE GOES CULVER! BOSS SAID, 'PHONE DE COPS AS SOON AS HE GETS PAST.'



THERE'S WILSON! **START DE MOTOR!**



MEANWHILE, HENRY WILSON

THIS IS A **CRUMBY** SECTION, AND CULVER WANTS TO MEET ME AT **PINE** AND **FRONT!**



POLICE HEADQUARTERS, LIEUTENANT MOORE SPEAKING A **MURDER** AT **PINE** AND **FRONT!** WHO IS THIS? -HELLO! -HELLO! HE HUNG UP!



AND HIS SISTER, JUDY.

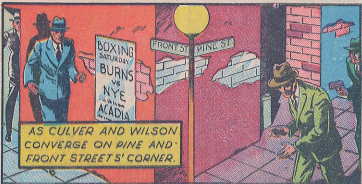
I **STILL** THINK THAT NOTE WAS A **TRAP!** I'LL FOLLOW **HENRY!**



PROBABLY A **FALSE ALARM!** BUT I'LL DRIVE DOWN TO **PINE** AND **FRONT!**



AS CULVER AND WILSON CONVERGE ON **PINE** AND **FRONT** STREET'S' CORNER.

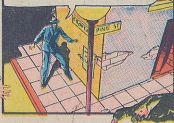


CULVER FALLS, A BULLET
THROUGH HIS HEAD -



AND AS WILSON RUNS
TO CULVER'S BODY...

A SHOT! THOSE PROTECTION
RATS GOT CULVER!



TAKE DAT, SUCKER!
YOU WON'T TESTIFY AGAINST
KUBER!



FRISK'EM FOR DE PHONEY
NOTES, AN' LET'S SCRAM!



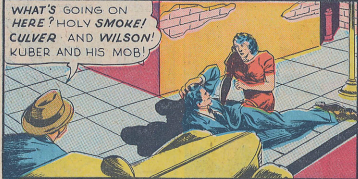
OK, BOSS!



THOSE SHOTS - HENRY!
HE'S ALIVE!



WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE? HOLY SMOKE!
CULVER AND WILSON!
KUBER AND HIS MOB!



5 MINUTES LATER---

MISS WILSON, YOU AND
YOUR BROTHER WILL HAVE
TO COME TO HEAD-
QUARTERS.



ALL RIGHT,
LIEUTENANT
MOORE!

AND AT POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS....

SO, CULVER SENT YOU
A NOTE, LET'S SEE IT
WILSON!



WHY - IT'S GONE!

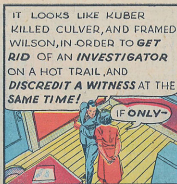
YEAH?



WHY DID YOU KILL
CULVER? TALK!

I TELL YOU
I DIDN'T!







NEXT NIGHT, AFTER MAKING
UP AS THE SLAIN CULVER....

NEXT NIGHT, AS THE GHOST
OF SCARLET SEAL...





THE HUNTED CASTLE

The rickety cart made slow progress up the winding mountain trail, drawn by two shaggy mules. In the sharp flashes of lightning there could be seen, stacked in the cart, several suits

of steel armour. The driver cursed his mules in a guttural voice.

It was a bad night, even for Moravia, which was known to have a beastly climate. Moravia was a small, little known country high in the Balkans. It was not a rich country, although Baron Baronda, its self-appointed ruler, reaped a fortune each year from his hard-pressed subjects. Moravia was a peaceful country, shut off from the outside world, and what went on there interested few people. One of the interested parties was Jimmy Christian who was, at this very moment, approaching the baron's medieval castle, perched high atop a mountain.

Jimmy felt a little cramped as he neared his destination; yet there was a smile of anticipation on his face. This was indeed quite a mission he had undertaken. Yes, quite a mission!

There were strange stories told about the Baron Baronda. He was a mysterious character to say the least. To all appearances the baron was a quiet, polished gentleman who conducted his business affairs in a most modern and efficient manner.

There was another side to the baron's life—a side very few persons knew about. Those few who knew had only suspicion, at that. It was said that every time a great jewel theft occurred, the baron was always seen about. The secret service of half a dozen countries was hot on his trail; but thus far nothing had been pinned on the baron. Usually the thefts were not discovered for some time after they were committed. The reason: clever substitutes were always left in place of the stolen gems. These substitutes were so cleverly constructed that they often defied experts. The baron, whether crook or not, was most elusive.

Now Jimmy was on his trail! He shivered a little. Trying to get into the Castle Baronda had baffled everyone so far.

The rickety cart had reached the summit of the mountain. It halted at a pair of high stone pillars. These pillars supported an ancient drawbridge which at the moment was raised. Hanging suspended between the pillars was a heavy, sharp-spiked portcullis which could be dropped by a lever actuated from the watchman's tower.

The cart driver climbed down and a guard accosted him. He was heavily armed. He snapped on a flashlight and flooded the driver's face in the beam. "Wait in there," he ordered.

Another guard climbed to the driver's seat and the cart rumbled across the drawbridge, which was drawn up immediately. The cart was again halted inside a huge bare room. Several lackeys began lifting the armour out. The suits were in turn placed in an elevator and whisked aloft. Then the lackeys went to work again. Each suit was stood against the wall of another room.

A half hour after the lackeys had gone, the visor on one of the suits raised a bit. Then, like some blue-steel robot, it stepped away from the wall and blanked to a heap of wrapping cloths in the middle of the room. Going to one knee, the robot quickly collapsed on the rags. A moment later the armour opened and Jimmy Christian crawled out.

"Whew!" he grunted. "Was that a grand entrance!"

He glanced carefully about the room, which was filled with armour. Then he gathered up the suit in which he had gained entrance to the castle, and set it in place.

The corridor leading from the armour room ran two hundred feet. Jimmy hurried along its length. The corridor ended in a small room hung with red drapes—an ante-room. There was a single door at one side. Jimmy tried it. It opened silently into a sumptuous library. There were numerous glass-encased books around the walls, containing countless priceless gems, bits of Colliani, baron jade. This, then, was where the baron kept his stolen goods. Or were they merely the clever substitutes which he always left in place of the "lifted" originals? Jimmy couldn't tell.

The library adjoined a sitting room and off this was a luxurious bedroom suite. The baron's, Jimmy knew. He began rifling drawers in every cabinet, hoping to find some written proof of the baron's guilt. He found nothing.

As he was closing the last drawer, a slight cough brought him whirling about. A tall, immaculately groomed man stood behind a desk calmly tapping a cigarette on his finger nail. A suave grin tilted the corners of his patrician mouth.

"Perhaps, Mr. Christian," he said softly, "I might be able to help, yes? I am Baron Baronda—at your service!"

"Hello," Jimmy got out. "I say—"

"Smoke?" offered the baron, proffering his case. Jimmy refused politely.

"Then please accept my hospitality for a chat. Sit down, Mr. Christian."

Jimmy sat. The baron relaxed in his chair and lighted his cigarette. The smile remained—a smile filled with hidden menace.

"It flatters me that you should choose my humble abode for a visit," said the baron. "We have few callers."

"Visit—" Jimmy began.

"Your arrival in the armour was—most novel," the baron went on softly. "Another tried the same thing once.

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He almost succeeded in his mission. It may interest you to know that, as you came through the pillars down below, a powerful electric eye spotted you through the armour and your image was flashed to a screen in my private office. I knew you were there."

Now what? thought Jimmy. This man went out to be a tight squeak. He knew!

"I know, too," continued the sultry voice, "why you came here." He paused. "Well—"

Now was the time, Jimmy decided. He leaped to his feet, clawing for his pistol. But a powerful arm shot around his neck. Jimmy had spent some time in Japan. He heaved. The man arced over his head, landing in a heap at the baron's feet. The baron was also drawing his pistol. Jimmy hit him in a running leap. Then he went through the door and sped down a long corridor. It was the corridor leading to the armour room. He gained it, slammed the door and dropped the bar. He ran to a window, lit a red flare and tossed it out over the lake. That was the signal he had agreed upon with the boatman. He hoped the man would see it.

He took a coil of fine rope from his shirt, tied one end to an iron hook in the window frame, and tossed the other part out. Then he went over the sill and began his descent. The rope was fifty feet long, he hoped it would reach the sand. As he slipped down the slender strand of hemp, he thought

he heard the whine of an elevator somewhere. Then his feet touched the ground.

It was still dark but he saw a tiny light on the small, speedy boat. It was approaching rapidly. Time for one peek. He ran along the sand a hundred yards. Just as he thought: there was a square of light—a door. He darted in. The small room in which he found himself was a laboratory, filled with all sorts of lapidaries' implements, tools for gem cutting and making paste and other imitation jewels. So that was where the baron concocted his imitations!

Well, this was all the evidence Jimmy needed! He pressed the release in his pocket and slowly turned, getting a panorama shot of everything in the room. It was all recorded on tiny film that ran through a camera the size of a postage stamp that was hidden in the lapel of his coat. Now, he had a photographic record of everything important in the baron's castle, including the baron himself.

A door slammed open as Jimmy was leaping out on the sand. A gun roared, and a lead hornet buzzed past his head. He ran. The soft beach sand gave forth no sound. He passed the dangling rope and fled on into the darkness toward the point where the boat would stop. One more shot blazed, then Jimmy heard a grunt.

He saw the tiny glimmer of light on the speedboat, which was slipping silently toward shore. Jimmy waited

in the vibrating darkness. Total silence held the night. Temptation got the best of him and he sneaked back toward the entrance of the laboratory. A hundred yards from it he stumbled over something. He knelt down, felt cloth. It was a body. In fact, it was his pursuer. There was a Luger in his hand. Then Jimmy understood.

The man had run into the dangling rope by which Jimmy had descended, from the armour room. It had whipped around his neck, lifting him from his feet, throttling his cry, and hurling him against the stone wall of the mountain. He was knocked out, but not dead.

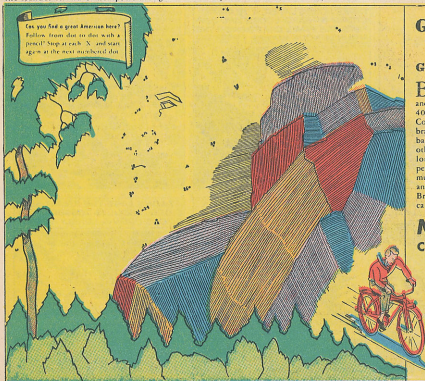
Well, why not leave him there? He would be found presently. Jimmy whistled softly to his boatman. The craft moved in quietly. When he had boarded, Jimmy laughed. It had been quite a mission, all right! It had almost been his last!

He had done a thorough job. Tomorrow a government plane would circle over the Castle Baronda and a terse message would be dropped. If the baron refused to surrender, a bomb would be dropped!

It was a most effective way of ending the career of a notorious crook.

— READ —
THE PALL OF TERROR
IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF
SMASH COMICS
ON SALE JUNE 20TH

Can you find a great American here?
Follow from dot to dot with a
pencil! Stop at each 'X' and start
again at the next numbered dot

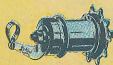


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**MORROW
COASTER BRAKE**



**ECLIPSE
MACHINE DIVISION**
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

ABDUL

by
Powell Roberts

The Arab



IT IS WRITTEN...THE VOLCANO WILL ERUPT AND DESTROY THIS ISLAND BEFORE THE WEEK IS THREE DAYS OLD



MEANWHILE IN THE PORT OF JEFFA, ABDUL BIDS GOODBYE TO HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, HASSAN, AND BOARDS A SHIP...



DON'T WORRY, HASSAN. I SHALL BE SAFE. IT IS BUT A SHORT JOURNEY!

MAY ALLAH WATCH OVER YOU!

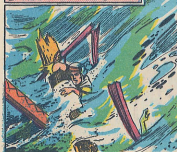


THREE HOURS LATER, A TERRIFIC STORM BREAKS LOOSE AND BUFFETS THE FRAIL CRAFT OVER THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES.



UNABLE TO STAND THE PUNISHMENT, THE SHIP BREAKS APART, FINALLY CAPSIZING COMPLETELY.

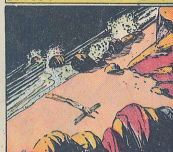
A DESERT TRIBESMAN ALL HIS LIFE ABDUL, UNABLE TO SWIM, LUCKILY GRABS A LARGE SPAR.



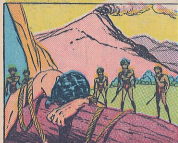
FOR HOURS HE TOSSES LIKE A CORK ON THE VICIOUS SEA.



AT LONG LAST THE STORM SUBSIDES. ABDUL IS TOSSED UNCONSCIOUS UPON A LONELY ISLAND.



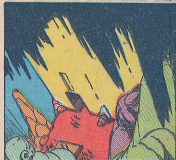
HOURS LATER, A GROUP OF FUZZY-HAIRED NATIVES WARILY APPROACH THE STILL FIGURE OF THE SHEIK.



TAKE HIM TO THE TEMPLE! WE WILL HAVE A SACRIFICE TO THE FIRE GOD THIS DAY!



QUICKLY, THE NATIVES CARRY ABDUL BEFORE THEIR QUEEN.



WE FOUND HIM ON THE BEACH... SHALL WE KILL HIM AT ONCE?

OUCH! W-WHERE AM I? W-WHAT HAPPENED?



WHY SHOULD WE KILL THE STRANGE ONE? HE HAS DONE NOTHING!



THE YOUNG QUEEN FORGETS THIS IS THE DAY OF THE FIRE GOD'S SACRIFICE, AND ANYONE LANDING ON THESE SHORES THAT DAY MUST DIE!



I BOW TO THE UNWRITTEN LAW. TAKE HIM TO THE STAKE!



MEANWHILE IN PORT JEFFA, THE CAPTAIN OF THE SUNKEN VESSEL IS BROUGHT TO SHORE BY PASSING FISHERMEN. HASSAN GRILLS HIM.



SPEAK, DOG, WHERE IS MY MASTER?!

I COULD DO NOTHING. HE HE

WENT OVERBOARD WITH THE REST!!

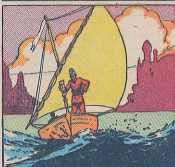


I DO NOT BELIEVE HE IS DEAD!... WHO OF YOU WILL TAKE ME IN YOUR CRAFT SO THAT I MAY LOOK FOR HIM?

HONOR MY SHIP, SIR! IT IS FAST AND STURDY!



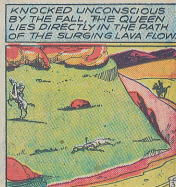
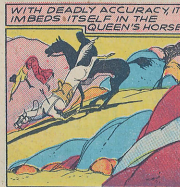
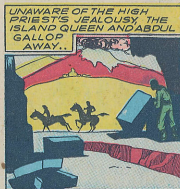
TEN MINUTES LATER.



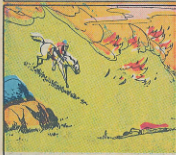
BACK ON THE ISLAND, ABDUL IS LASHED TO A STOUT POLE IN AN IDOL-FILLED TEMPLE..

PREPARE, STRANGER, FOR YOUR DOOM!

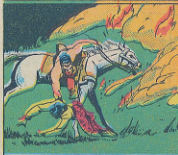




TURNING HIS HORSE AROUND, ABDUL SPURS DOWN THE SLOPE.



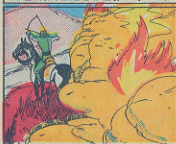
JUST IN TIME, HE BENDS OVER AND SNATCHES UP THE HELPLESS GIRL.



THE LUCKY FOOLS! THEY HAVE ESCAPED THE LAVA, BUT THEY WON'T ESCAPE MY ARROW!



AS THE HIGH PRIEST AGAIN TAKES CAREFUL AIM, TONS OF LAVA POUR OUT OF THE SEETHING CRATER.



BEFORE HE CAN RELEASE THE ARROW, THE MOLTEN ROCK BURIES HIM.



HOW DO YOU FEEL, QUEEN?

I AM ALL RIGHT! HURRY! WE MUST GET TO THE SHORE!



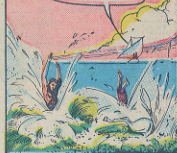
BUT AGAIN THEY MEET DISASTER AS THE HORSE STUMBLES.



RIDERS AND BEAST TUMBLE HEAD-OVER-HEELS INTO A DEEP CREVICE..



LOOK! IT IS ABDUL! HURRY!! WE MUST SAVE THEM!



HASSAN! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE NEAR WHEN I NEED YOU!

ABDUL! PRAISE ALLAH YOU ARE SAFE!



WE MUST THANK THE QUEEN FOR MY LIFE! SHE RELEASED ME FROM THE STAKE!

AND ABDUL SAVED ME FROM A LAVA BATH! WE ARE EVEN!

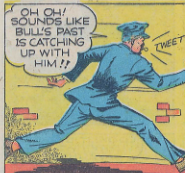


Order your copy of the August issue of SMASH COMICS from your regular newsdealer now.

Chic CARTER



THE SILENCE
OF A PEACEFUL
NIGHT IS
SUDDENLY
SHATTERED
BY PISTOL
SHOTS FROM
THE
APARTMENT
OF BULL
HENNESSY,
GANG CZAR
OF ALL
NEW YORK



OH OH!
SOUNDS LIKE
BULL'S PAST
IS CATCHING
UP WITH
HIM!!



THE PATROLMAN RUSHES INTO
THE HOUSE... BUT STOPS DEAD
IN HIS TRACKS.



HA! HA!
DAT'S RIGHT,
COPPER!

AND SOON MORE
POLICE STREAK
TO THE SCENE
OF THE
CRIME!



SERGEANT MONAHAN
TAKES CHARGE.



WHO DID IT,
KELLY? WHO
SHOT YOU?

CARTER!
CHIC...
CART...



H-YA, MONAHAN
- LOOKS LIKE
I'M JUST IN
TIME FOR A
SCOOP!

YOU DIRTY
KILLER!
YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST!



KILLER? ARREST?
HEY- WHAT'S FRVING?
I JUST CAME DOWN
HERE TO COVER
A SHOOTING!



YOU MURDERED KELLY
AND HENNESSY... AND
NO ALIBIS, CARTER!
KELLY NAMED YOU JUST
BEFORE HE DIED!!

SOMEBODY FRAMED ME! AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO PROVE IT BY GOING TO JAIL WITH YOU, SO...

OWW!



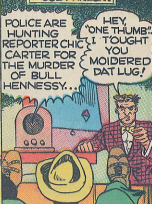
... GUESS I'D BETTER GO! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME OR THERE'LL BE ANOTHER VACANCY ON THE POLICE FORCE!



THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS TO STOP CARTER'S ESCAPE.



MEANWHILE--IN THE BACK ROOM OF AN EAST SIDE POOL PARLOR.



I DID 'EGGHEAD'-- BUT WHY SHOULD I TAKE DE RAP FOR IT! I DRESSED UP LIKE CARTER SO'S DEY'D T'INK HE DONE IT! KETCH ON?



DAT WAY I KILLS TWO BOIDS WIT' ONE STONE! WIT' BULL DEAD, I'LL RUN EVERY MOB IN TOWN! AS FOR CARTER.. DAT NOSEY GUY KNEW TOO MUCH ANYWAY!



CHEE, BOSS--HOW D'YA EVER T'INK OF SUCH T'INGS?



AW GUESS I'M JUST ONE OF DEM GENIUSES!

IN CARTER'S APARTMENT.

THE ONLY GUY WHO LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE ME TO FOOL THE COPS IS 'ONE-THUMB' HOGAN. AND HENNESSY'S DEATH MAKES HIM THE BIGGEST SHOT IN TOWN!



BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET HIM? IF I STEP OUT OF HERE THE COPS WILL NAIL ME! WOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE IF I WAS ONE OF THOSE COMIC STORY HEROES!



SAY--THAT'S AN IDEA! AND I KNOW JUST WHAT DISGUISE TO USE! --FIRST I'LL NEED A MASK!



HA! HA! THIS SHOULD POOL MONAHAN'S STOOGES, NOW FOR A COSTUME!



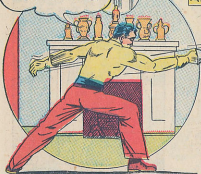
THIS'LL DO THE TRICK!



AND NOW FOR MY WEAPON--GUNS WILL MAKE IT TOO ONE-SIDED! I GOT IT--I'LL USE A SWORD!



I DIDN'T WIN ALL THOSE OLYMPIC FENCING TROPHIES FOR NOTHING!



ATTIRED AS **THE SWORD**, THE DARING REPORTER LEAPS CALMLY FROM HIS A PARTMENT WINDOW.



I ALWAYS DID SAY BACK WINDOWS CAME IN HANDY WHEN THERE'S A COP AT YOUR FRONT DOOR!



AT GANG HEADQUARTERS OF ONE-THUMB HOGAN.

LISTEN, YOUSE MUGS, NOW I'M DE BIGGEST SHOT IN TOWN - STICK WIT' ME AN' YOU'LL BE RICH!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

CRASH!

HOGAN - I'VE DECIDED TO REMOVE YOU FROM CIRCULATION!!



DERE'S SEVEN O' US AGAINST DAT MASQUERADER! GIT 'IM!



HA! HA! GENTLEMEN - HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS ONE?



THIS JUST ABOUT MAKES THINGS EVEN, EH BOYS!



MEANWHILE - HOGAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.



THE SWORD WHIRLS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, JUST AS THE ENRAGED GANGSTER FIRES.



OOPS! SORRY I CHOPPED YOUR THUMB OFF... NOW WE'LL HAVE TO CALL YOU NO-THUMB HOGAN!



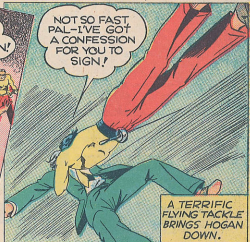
IN A DRUG STORE ACROSS THE STREET



I'M SCRAMIN' OUT O' HERE-DAT GUY AINT HUMAN!

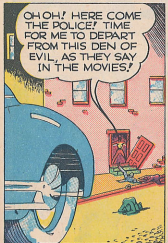


NOT SO FAST PAL-I'VE GOT A CONFESSION FOR YOU TO SIGN!



A TERRIFIC FLYING TACKLE BRINGS HOGAN DOWN.

OH OH! HERE COME THE POLICE! TIME FOR ME TO DEPART FROM THIS DEN OF EVIL, AS THEY SAY IN THE MOVIES!



LOOK! HERE'S A CONFESSION SIGNED BY HOGAN, CLEARING CARTER OF THE MURDER OF HENNESSY AND KELLY!

WONDER WHY THEY ALL KEEP MUMBLING SOMETHING ABOUT A SWORD?

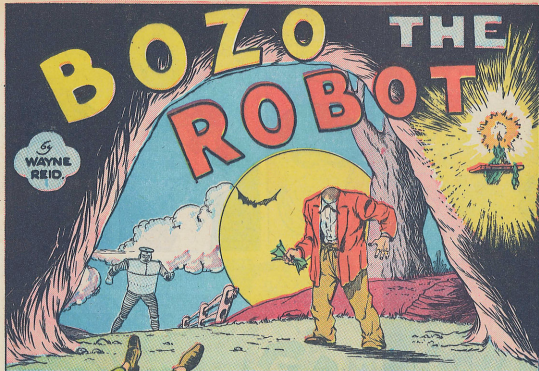


HA HA! IT WORKED! AND SO WELL THAT I MIGHT TRY USING THIS OUTFIT AGAIN!

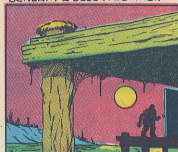


BOZO THE ROBOT

by WAYNE REID.



DUSK-AND THE WEARY BODY OF A SMALL MAN ENTERS A DOOR BENEATH A DESERTED PIER--



YOU GET A JOB, GUS??

WHAT'S IN TH' BAG--? FOOD?



YES, FOOD-- CRUSTS I FIND IN THE STREETS, AND NO JOB!

HOW LONG DO WE HAFTA GO ON EATIN' OUTA TH' GUTTER AN' GARBAGE CANS- WE CAN'T MAKE A LVIN'- WE BEEN TURNED DOWN FOR TH' LAST TIME ON ACCOUNT OF OUR LOOKS-



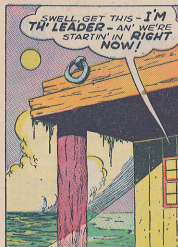
WE'RE GONNA GET DOUGH **MY WAY**---AN' PLENTY!

BUT, GYR, YOUR WAY IS THE EVIL WAY OF CRIME-AND IT DOESN'T PAY!

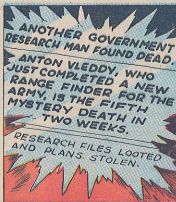


SHUT UP!-- IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR PREACHIN', WE'D BE IN TH' CHIPS NOW-- ARE YA WITH ME?

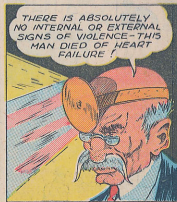
NO- NEVER!



FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS
A WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS
DEATHS SWEEP THE CITY--



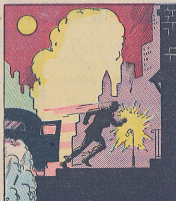
THE CORONER'S VERDICT ON
VLEDDY IS THE SAME AS ALL
THE PRECEEDING DEATHS---

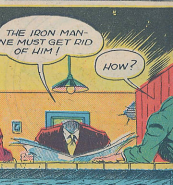
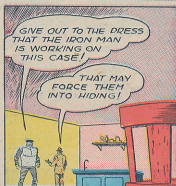
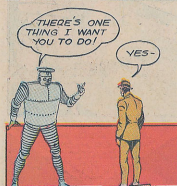
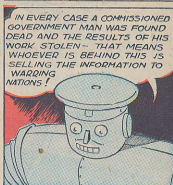
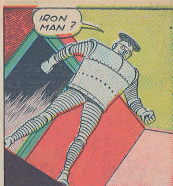


THE NEXT DAY, A POLICE
CAR SPEEDS THROUGH THE
STREETS---

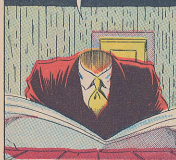
BEFORE THE CAR STOPS,
COMMISSIONER HUNT BOUNDS
ACROSS THE PAVEMENT---

AND BURSTS INTO
THE ROOM OF
DEATH-





WE WILL MAKE
KNOWN OUR NEXT MOVE -
THE IRON MAN WILL BE
THERE AND WE WILL
LUDE HIM INTO A
DEATH TRAP!



IGOR -
YOU WILL
BE TH'
DECOY!



ULD! -
M-ME??

YES, AND NO
SLIP-UPS - LISTEN
CAREFULLY TO
MY PLAN...

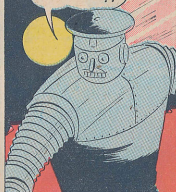


LATE THAT NIGHT, BOZO
HEADS TO WHERE THE HEADLESS
BAND IS SUPPOSED TO STRIKE
NEXT --



HERE'S THE
SPOT - AND
IT SMELLS LIKE
A TRAP TO
ME!

IN FACT THERE'S
NOTHING IN THIS
ISOLATED SECTION --
WHAT TH'??



A
HEADLESS
MAN!



DOING HIS UTMOST
TO ATTRACT MY
ATTENTION -- WELL,
I'LL OBLIGE!

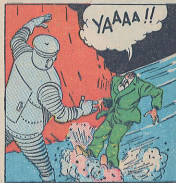
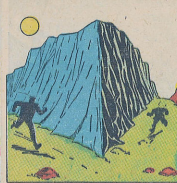
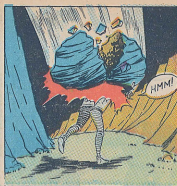
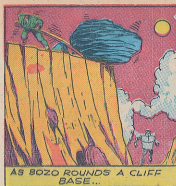


AH! IT-IT'S
C-COMING!



AND THE FIGURE SCURRIES
UP THE SIDE OF A HILL -





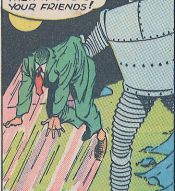
TALK- WHERE'LL I FIND THE
LEADER OF YOU BUNCH
OF HAUNTS--AND
WHAT'S YOUR
GAME?



WE'D STEAL THE
ARMY SECRETS AND
SELL THEM TO THE
HIGHEST BIDDER--
WHAT'RE YOU
GONNA DO
WITH ME??



FIX YOU SO YOU'LL
BE HERE WHEN
THE POLICE
ARRIVE--AND
THEN ROUND UP
YOUR FRIENDS!



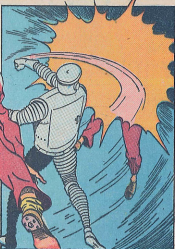
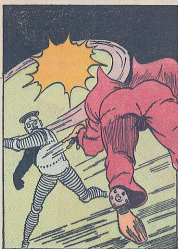
AND INSIDE--

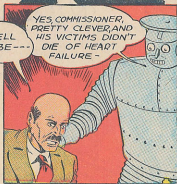
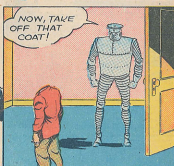
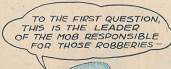
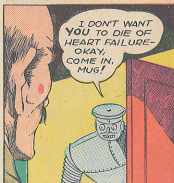
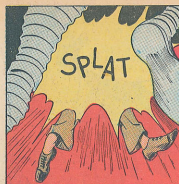


WRONG THE FIRST
TIME, YOU BUNCH
OF NIGHT-
MARES!

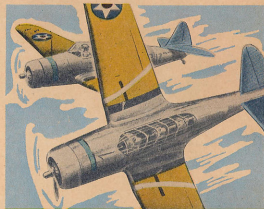
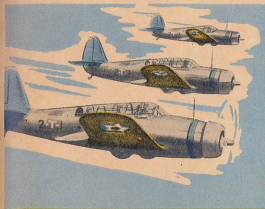


GET
THAT
THING!





TAKE A TIP FROM A NAVY TORPEDO

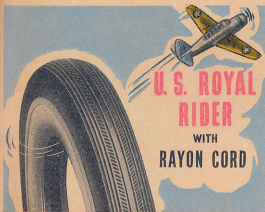


SPEED

To maintain their fast cruising speed of over 300 m.p.h., U. S. Navy's torpedo bombers must deliver maximum power per pound of weight. Remember this when you buy bike tires. Get the U.S. Royal Rider. Its stronger, lighter-weight Rayon construction means more speed for you.

CONTROL

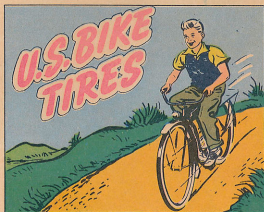
Diving at terrific speed... releasing torpedoes point-blank a few feet above the sea... these planes must have perfect control and maneuverability. In U. S. Royal Riders, 7 riding ribs plus 2 traction ribs control skids, assure quick stops on wet roads or dry.



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WITH
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"You Don't Have To Sit in the Stands Unless You Want To,"
 says FRANK LEAHY

When a friend of mine made this remark to his son, the boy turned to me to ask, "Mr. Leahy, is that true?" Before answering, I thought back a few years to teams I had played on, teams I had coached. I thought of star linemen who were short on weight, but long on courage—of slender boys weaving their way through broken fields for touchdowns. Yet most people thought them too small, too slight to play in varsity games. Then I answered the boy: "Your dad is correct, 100%. You can learn to do some one thing well enough to give you a chance to play rather than watch from the bench."

Giving all boys a chance to become active in sports was the reason I accepted the position as head of the Keds Sports Department six years ago. Naturally, I've long been interested in helping boys develop better footwork. I am now writing a book on football. It will not be for the varsity man, but for you young chaps who are eager to become first stringers some day. If you would like to have a copy when it is ready, send your name and address to Keds Department CM, United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Frank Leahy

